

OFFICER'S CHARGE.

A Game at a Russian Garrison Requiring

A general arrived from St. Petersburg in a garrison town in the interior of Russia to hold an inspection of the troops. After the review he stepped into the officers' mess-room, where he noticed on the counter a row of bottles to which, instead of the usual labels, white tickets, with a single letter of the alphabet on each, were affixed. The bottles stood in rank and file, and in alphabetical order.

"What does this mean?" the general asked the lieutenant who was showing him around.

"That is an officer's charge, your excellency, replied the officer, rather embarrassed.

The general continued his inquiries, and elicited the following information:

"Each bottle contains a different kind of liquor. At the meeting of the Officers' club one of us mixes some of these varieties in a glass so that the initials spell a name, and the older and more experienced members of the club after tasting it, guess what it is composed of and name the word intended."

"Very original idea," remarked the general. "And are you able to make a guess of that kind?"

"If it is your excellency's pleasure I will try," the lieutenant replied.

The general went to the counter and mixed a glass with the official stood at the other end of the room with his face to the wall.

"Now guess what this means," said the general as he handed the glass to the officer.

The other drank it off at one gulp, smacked his tongue and replied:

"That was Anna, your excellency."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the general; "requires a lot of practice, eh?"

"Your excellency, Anna is easy enough, but there is a captain in our corps who can even guess Nebuchadnezzar!"

The Passing of Red Brick.

In no department of the human industry has there been greater evolution of late years than in the business of making bricks. Formerly we had nothing but a plain, red brick, that reached its climax of perfection at Philadelphia and was shipped thence at great expense all over the country where a high grade article was in demand. But the red brick has had its day for architectural use, and in its place has come to stay the brick of lighter hue—pink, buff, yellow and, in fact, of nearly every shade. A brick can be made that is as mottled as a seagull's egg or as variegated as the varying tints of an autumn leaf. It is done by adding certain metallic ingredients to the clay after the latter has been ground into the finest powder. It is the result of the clay that gives the ordinary clay its deep red. In future most of our city residences are going to be constructed from brick of these pleasing colors. They give relief to the eye and variety. What can be more monotonous than a row of red brick houses? Washington is taking to the new style, and in this clear atmosphere, unspoiled by the soot from soft coal combustion, a house of this beautiful material will stand fresh for a century and be sold for years after one built of granite had disintegrated.

Black as Ink

Are the prejudices which some people cherish against what is good for them. They reason, as our old friend Artemus Ward once said, "So and so has taken medicine for a long time and isn't any better." They only know of individual cases. Many could be cited to their astonishment, in which Hostetter's Stomach and Bowel Remedy has brought about a complete change in the physical condition of persons suffering from general ill health. This thorough stomachic, besides having the decided recommendation of the medical profession, is voiced by the general public as the possessor of qualities as an invigorant and restorative of health not found anywhere else. In bodily ailments, such as indigestion, stomach and bowels, in instances where renal tendencies are experienced, and when the kidneys are weak, it is the true cure.

Five women to one man is the proportion of church attendance in this country. The same ratio holds good at the seashore and will likewise continue in heaven.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

There are at present more than fifty different varieties of Chinese tea. The best of them are never exported.

WALTER BAKER & CO., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocos and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the judges at the fair states that "One hundred and thirty-five medals were awarded to Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.

If the Vanderbilts can get up a big enough private scandal perhaps a career of usefulness in elevating the stage will open up for them.

It's Hood's that Cures

The combination, proportion and process by which Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared are peculiar to itself. Its record of cures is unequalled.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Its sales are the largest in the world. The testimonials received by its proprietors by the hundreds, telling the story that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures are unparalleled in the history of medicine, and they are solid facts.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation, Indigestion.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST NO SQUEAKING.

95. CORDOVAN, FRENCH MANUFACTURED.

\$3.50 POLICE SHOES.

\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.

\$2.125 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES' BEST DRESS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.

Remember, we are the largest manufacturer of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee that value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against false prices and the middlemen's profits. Our shoes cannot compare in style, cost, and value with others. We have them sold every where at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitutes.

THE DRUM.

I'm a beautiful red drum, And I train with the soldier boys; As up the street we come Wonderful is our noise! There's Tom and Jim and Phil And Dick and Sam and Fred, With Widow Catlett's Bill, And I march on ahead.

And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum— Oh, there's a bunch of fun in it! For boys with a little red drum! The drums came last night While the soldiers were abed, And they played a real warlike tune And of the woods they fled. The woods are the cherry trees? Down in the orchard they were. And the soldiers are marching to seize The booty the drums got. With tum-titty-um-tum-tum, And r-r-rat-tat-tat. When soldiers marching come Indians had better seat!

Step up there, little Fred, And Charlie, have a mind! Will you be ahead. As you two are behind! Ready with gun and sword Your valiant work to do— Yonder the Indian horde Is ready for you. And their hearts go pitty-pat When they hear the soldiers come With a r-r-rat-tat-tat. And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum!

Course it's all in play! The skulking Indian crew That bustle the drum beat Are little white boys, like you! And you can make such a war! It is all the same to me; And when the battle is won, Home once again we'll be. With a r-r-rat-tat-tat. And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum; For the boys with their little red drum! Eugene Field

Cardinal Richelieu.

Founded on the Play of "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Adrien," hissed the other in his ear, "to you alone I confide it; nominally our figurehead is the duke of Orleans, but as at sea we overboard the gaudy doll which served to pass us by the forts and show our true colors—our real captain."

"Ah! And he?"

"That is to be determined. Come to our meeting."

"As long as Prince Gaston be not the chief," began Mauprat, rising. "I pledge you so much."

"I'll go with you, and I will strike with you."

"Bravely said," cried the count. "Leave forever thoughts that—"

"Speak not to me thus. I am yours! But speak not. There's a voice within my soul whose cry could drown the thunder. Oh, if men will play dark sorcery with the heart of man, let them who raise the spell beware the hand!"

And he made way, striding through the plumes and satin doublets with enough rudeness to have won him a hundred challenges were they all thirty years younger, before Richelieu had prohibited dueling under pain of death.

Since some time there had been gradually formed in a secluded chamber, guarded, though not ostensibly, as a conventual cell, a nucleus of a concourse of principal guests of Marion Delorme, those who had played and drank merrily as a blind to their true errand. No lady was there; the hostess was excluded as much from prejudice against a woman as the keeper of a state secret as any particular reason.

The knight of Mauprat held himself back from the inner circle, from his double feeling of disgust for the prince of Orleans, shining there in the most sumptuous apparel, like a beautiful snake, and his indifference to details as long as his dispenser of life and death, the cardinal, was the target of the enterprise.

He stood erect, with firm mouth and kindling eye, like a soldier whom a nightmare held in trembling, but who had shaken off his tremor and was eager for the morning's fray. He put his name to the scroll of allegiance with the clearest handwriting he had ever traced; but though his sight was equally as clear, he forebore the precaution of reading the lines to which he gave adherence. He was the last save a few others more hesitating than he.

The business of the night was over, and the party broke up—some to pass the remaining hours in the rooms where the heat was suffocating, others to hasten home with growing apprehensions, the rest to saunter the streets and pick a quarrel with the watch, in order to lessen the strain on their brains by a little blood-letting without payment of the surgeon's fee.

Adrien de Mauprat, alone, sallied out, grimly joyous, for at length he was no longer a solitary combatant against the terrible old man who dwelt in the palace he had to pass on his way to his lodgings.

In spite of the hour, there was movement at those gates. Several carriages, all wheeled, armed to the teeth. A sound of steps behind him caused him to glance over his shoulder; instead of a group of revelers from Marion Delorme's, six guardsmen, in the same uniform as those in front, were treading in his steps. And from the other side of the way, a deep shadow veiling some preparatory maneuvers in war to extend on a waste ground, a colossal figure strode straight toward him where he had halted with his back to the palace for defense if he were the object of this triangular advance.

The three forces closed in upon him, all the swords drawn, and all the cloaks thrown back to leave right arms free.

"The knight Adrien de Mauprat, methinks," said the first guardsman, extending a square of parchment in his left hand. "A warrant for your arrest, signed by his eminence for the king. Will come under the lamp in our gateway to read it?" he continued sarcastically at the humor of venturing so far into the trap with any hope of a return.

"Receive my sword," said the soldier, who experienced in war to expect any gain by resistance against such odds, "and my tribute of self-satisfaction that his eminence does me the honor to reckon me worthy of arrest by a dozen of his flowers of cavalry, headed by the tall Huguenot—a tripe man himself."

And marching as steadily as the oldest veteran in the ranks closing around him, and the captain holding the two swords, he who had a few minutes since dreamt of a conflict with the cardinal was conducted within that dignitary's residence.

CHAPTER III.

The Child of the Childhood.

The kittens in the cardinal's study had awakened at the cough which spread out his sentences like the

crosses between the words in ancient manuscripts. They stretched their limbs, licked with their tiny pink tongues their pretty lips, and opened their eyes where meekness and docility were bled. He let the more forward play with a dangling hand—a poor devil of the great man who burned his blood in vigils over an endangered kingdom, from which their deepest scratch could have drawn not a drop—and mumbled the ring of power akin to that of Solomon, whilst smiling to them, but frowning inwardly, he proceeded in soliloquy inaudible beyond his reach, so weak was his voice after the late animated colloquy.

"The flames are mounting," said he. "The salamander of Francis the First might be at home here, but my scanty locks crisp up in premonition of being singed. But salvas in igne—Richelieu may succumb yet, renown will never die," as saith the ancient ballad. A silly audience, so unappreciative, it lets the groundlings hurl stones at their principal historian of this dusty theater of the world."

He read, corrective pen in hand, the manuscript volume on one side of his place; but all at once he started violently.

"I had forgotten the cream tempting the cats! Julie! all virtuous creature; but blanche couleur est tot tachée, the ermine is soonest soiled. I thought, my name would guard her even among the off-beat maids-of-honor. But no! His eye dwelt upon the papers left by his 'shadow,' the leaden sphinx, if he were the brazen one. 'Not content with seeking my life, they would play my ward on the hook of their state angle. Her father, Mortemart, was my friend who loved me as before I had flatterers; and when he died, young in years, not in service to our country, he had nothing to bequeath but that girl to me. But I will find her a dowry to mate with the mightiest! 'Meseems, though, she is drooping at the court. Can she love—love one of those painted flies? There is Cinq-Mars, though he is enamored of politics; Soudan; St. Simon, free boy; Baradas—no, he is a guileless youth, deceitful, and deceit has short legs, and can never climb to the level where her fancy floats in the empyrean. Such my daughter dear instinctively fears and shuns him. I have heard her cite him as even more tiresome than his melancholy majesty, Louis, styled the Just. The Just, because," he commented smilingly, as one who knew the secret history not only of his own time, but of that where Sally preceded him, 'he allowed his father, the Concini, to be slain without judgment. I do not forget myself so far as to allow me to become the center of a ring of swordsmen!'

"Neither this kinglet nor the courtier, and yet some one. Her intrigues to escape to St. Simon, to the fact. Pray heaven she loves some man, not a barber's block, like Lady Montague; a headman's block like Lady Maugiron, and a money-chest like Marion gloats upon—my sweet, my witty Marion, most valuable of my spies in petticoats. I need some active youth to supplant the favorite, bask the king, and baffle all their schemes—one who with honor and courage, qualities that eagle-plume men's souls, and fit them for the forest sun that ever melted the weak, waxen minds that flutter in the beams of gaudy power! That sounds well—prose that, with a little trimming, will belt my tragedy. He paused to write on a scrap of paper, and placed it with similar notes in the portfolio, inclosing the waiting manuscript. 'That Mauprat has taste, by the way, rare in a soldier. I remember when my first play was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers, who had no soul for poetry, I saw him warmly applaud, and in the proper places! A man of such uncommon promise ought not to be my foe. Have I not foes enough? Perchance I can weld him into a weapon. He may gain doubly when they make foes friends. My grand maxims are first to employ all methods to conciliate, and, failing these, all means to crush,' he added, fiercely.

"Hark! there is a noise in the court. 'Tis Huguenot with his capture. Farewell, good sword! States can be saved without you. Open and enter!"

But instead of the surly mien of his man-at-arms, there entered by the usual door a young lady in court attire.

"Julie," said the cardinal, with a delightful smile, which no one would have expected to surprise upon the features of the artful and malicious governor of the distracted kingdom.

"My sweet Julie!" she said, throwing herself at his violet slippers, and letting her many curls ripple around her lovely face. "Are you gracious this early morning? May I say, father?"

"Now and ever."

"Father," she repeated, taking a foot-stool before him in the great arm-chair, where he sank exhausted with his recent excitement; "it is a sweet word to an orphan."

"No, not an orphan while Richelieu lives."

His aged eyes bent on hers one of those looks of intense fondness which the lonely lord had bestowed on no human being since he had married his niece, Marie, to the marquis of Combalet.

Suddenly, to break the spell which the youthful vision of beauty had flung over him, with her satin whiteness of complexion, vivid eyes, and elegance of deportment, which her simplicity of rich attire rather enhanced than diminished, a heavy knock was heard at the secret door. Without waiting for a summons, in his pleasure at easy accomplishment of his mission, Captain Huguenot took a step into the apartment, but perceiving the white figure on the carpet, relieved by the green cover of the long writing-table, he recoiled to the arras and saluted respectfully.

"Well!" demanded the prime minister sharply, forgetting the errand on which he had dispatched his life-guardsmen.

"The knight of Mauprat waits below," said the soldier.

"Mauprat?" cried the girl, starting to her feet with emotion not explicable on the face of the bald announcement.

"What she meant."

Minnie—How in the world can you say that Mrs. Tellit is a woman of intelligence?"

Mamie—I meant that she had all the neighborhood intelligence that was going.

"Hem!" coughed her guardian, making a sign for the captain to withdraw. "Has this cavalier been tiresome to you, or is he, peradventure, that one of the flowers of France in whose more honied breath thy heart hears summer whisper?" Without other direct answer than he desired by the color on her cheeks, she stammered:

"What doth he here? I mean—I—does your eminence—that is—know you the knight of Mauprat?"

"Well! but you—has he addressed you often?"

"Often! No," she replied timidly, "no or ten times, the last on the great staircase. The court sees him rarely."

"A bold and forward roysterer!" cried Richelieu, his eyes on her steadily.

"He's—may, modest, gentle and sad, methinks."

"Yet wears bright gold and hopeful azure?"

"No, sable!"

"So you note his colors, Julie? Ha, ha! Shame on you, child, look loftier! Well, suffice it, I have business with this gloomy gentleman."

"You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause."

"No cause? Do you hate my foes? then hate Mauprat!"

"Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father!"

"Adrien!" rolling it over his tongue in jocund imitation of her affectionate accent. "You are familiar."

"An old, old playmate."

"So was Baradas, and I do not wish you to rank him among your friends."

"Then do not rank Mauprat among your foes; he is not. I know he is not, he loves me too well to be opposed to my country."

"Not rank Mauprat with my foes? So be it. I'll blot him from the list."

"That's my own dear father," she exclaimed, kissing his hand fervidly, and quitting the room with a happy and confident smile.

The cardinal rang his bell.

"Let enter the knight of Mauprat," commanded he, resuming his seat, and the bearing of Rhadamanthus.

CHAPTER IV.

The Gift of a Life.

Within a couple of instants, enframed in the doorway and foiled by the hangings, there stood, then, in the presence of the ruler of France what he acknowledged to be as gallant a cavalier as served under her colors. Perhaps his costume had been dulled by the garish decorations of the fops at the Delorme mansion, but here, in the grave and sober study, the simplicity of the fine garb was agreeable, and redounded to the taste of the wearer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Hampshire's Grasshopper Bounty.

The state of New Hampshire pays \$1 a bushel to farmers for grasshoppers that they destroy. The insects have been very troublesome for the last twelve years. They hatch out in the first part of June, and the farmers have found that this time is the best time for destroying them by plowing them under. The half-grown grasshoppers, that have been hatched early, escape the plow by lively hopping, and to catch these a machine has been invented, which consists of two shallow pans of tin or galvanized iron eight feet long and two feet wide, and having a back eighteen inches high. These pans are supported two inches above the surface of the ground, and are fastened to a pair of wheels. The pans are filled with kerosene and water, and are run over the ground at a rapid rate. The half-grown grasshoppers jump up in their terror and alight in the kerosene. When the pans are full the grasshoppers are taken out to be measured for the bounty, which in some cases amply pays for the time and trouble expended in catching the insects.

Laid His Wires Well.

The foresight Lord Rosebery displayed in arranging his matrimonial plans is illustrated in the following anecdote: Shortly after he had returned from his continental tour, he was one of a house-party at Mentmore, a lovely pleasure house which he had bought in Buckinghamshire. One evening, at dinner, the conversation turned on the exquisite decorations of the room. Lord Rosebery's observation to his next neighbor, by way of epilogue to the conversation, was: "Yes, this place would suit me excellently." When, seven years later, he had married the daughter of the house, and was the owner of Mentmore, his friend, happening to meet him, reminded him of this observation. Lord Rosebery replied with assumed gravity, but with a tell-tale twinkle in his eye: "Well, of course you know the unexpected always happens."—Argonaut.

Juvenile Logic.

Heloise, 8 years old—What does transatlantic mean, mother? Mother—Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. But you mustn't bother me. Heloise—Does trans, then, always mean cross? Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions, I shall send you right to bed. Heloise is silent a few minutes. Heloise—Then does trans-parent mean a cross parent.—Brooklyn Life.

Not Very Wild.

Folding her in his arms he rained kisses upon her blushing countenance.

"Darling," he cried, "this exceeds my wildest dreams!"

She smiled.

"I can believe you, dearest," she answered, "when I reflect that you never eat mince pie at night."

Truth.

Bridget's mistress had asked her if she overheard a rather angry conversation between her husband and herself.

"Oh, ya, ma'am," replied Bridget, "but sure I didn't mind it. I'm used to it. I'm married myself."

The Waterbury.

What She Meant.

Minnie—How in the world can you say that Mrs. Tellit is a woman of intelligence?"

Mamie—I meant that she had all the neighborhood intelligence that was going.

THE LAUGH MAKERS.

SOME SAMPLES OF WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

Impious Smiles and Satirical Drives at the Weaknesses of This World—The Autumn Girl—A Father's Awful Experience.

Her bows. AIR AS A ROSE (The sweetest of those) My lady goes. A glamorous mist around she throws. Full well she knows Her graceful pose, Her modest air, and lovely clothes, Her perfect manners and sweet repose, Are bound to capture golden beads. —O. T. F. in Truth.

Bound to Distinguish Herself. Mrs. Oldstyle—Gracious, Ellen! What on earth possessed you to take to divided skirts and such fads? Miss Newfangled—Why, you know, auntie, it's a great deal easier than writing a novel.—Truth.

A Passing Strange Story. He was a struggling, hard-to-make-both-ends-meet lawyer. She was his stenographer. He was married. She was a maiden, fancy free.

He wasn't young nor particularly handsome. Neither was she.

He didn't tell her he loved her, nor kiss her hand, nor give her flowers. Neither did she sigh her life away because of unrequited love.

He didn't allow her an afternoon off four days in the week and pay her a bank cashier's salary. She didn't expect it.

His wife came to the office. She didn't peer through the keyhole and catch him making love to the girl. She didn't get mad.

The girl didn't tremble with guilt when the woman spoke to her. The woman liked her. She said she had often heard how faithful and hard-working the girl was, and she asked her to come out to their house for supper.

The girl went. And all lived happy ever after.—Chicago Tribune.

When the Mississippi Overflowed.

Old Settler—Call this a flood? Why, I kin recollect.—Truth.

Buying a Horse. They say when a man goes to selling horses he can no longer be honest, at least in respect to horses, and yet "they say" may be mistaken. At least it occurred to me so one day, as I riding along a pleasant road I met a man on horseback.

"Want to buy a horse?" he inquired.

"What do you want for him?" said I.

"Forty dollars," said he.

"What do you ask for him?" said I.

"Thirty dollars," said he.

"What will you take for him?" said I.

"Twenty-five dollars," said he.

"What will you give for him?" said I.

"Twenty dollars," said he.

"What did you give for him?" said I.

"Ten dollars," said he.

"What is he worth?" said I.

"A five spot," said he. "But I suppose you don't want to buy a horse, mister," and he rode into the yard of a big establishment I could see through the trees.

"What's that building?" I asked of a man a hundred yards farther on.

"Lunatic asylum," he replied curtly, and I steered in the other direction.—Exchange.

Had Changed His Tune. Striking Switchman—Hello, Leggit! Ain't we holding 'em level? Blamed near every road in the city tied up and—

Leggit—I know it, confound your hide! Why couldn't you let Pullman and his carpenters settle their quarrel without sticking your nose in it, hey?

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow? Are you the same Leggit that's always encouraged railroad strikes and always had so much to say about soulless, grasping corporations?"

"Yes, but I live in the suburbs now. I've been two hours getting to the city this morning. Darn your strike!" —Chicago Tribune.

Trapped.

The Girls—Oh, what a lovely place for a picnic! We will eat our lunch here and then read the rest of that lovely novel, "Slop-silly-slop."

P. S.—This is a mountain stream with a temperature of three degrees above zero, as Smith behind the bushes knows.

No Rose Without Its Thorn.

"So the strike is over," said the man who likes to discuss the news.

"So they say."

"And the men are back at work?"